





ble affection. Remember, that in a few years thou wilt be as poor as thy neighbors. Death will soon bring down thy pomp and thy circumstance, and put an end to thy affected airs of superiority. But I will not try thee with my homily.

From Larkin Stone, the hunter, I learned that Seclusaval was in the midst of an extensive tract of mountain lands, owned by Major Mudge, an old gentleman who resided at the distance of thirty miles in the country below. The next morning, after a farther exploration of the valley, I made my way out with some difficulty by the ravine, and went straightway to Major Mudge, confirmed in my resolution to attempt the purchase. I found him eager to sell: for being an indulgent father, and having several sons brought up to no useful occupation, he was greatly embarrassed to pay the expenses of their prodigality. The demands of their creditors and of his own, were just now so pressing, that he offered at once to sell me his thirty thousand acres of mountain lands for the small sum of five thousand dollars. The price was very low, for notwithstanding the ruggedness of the country, the tract contained several thousand acres of rich valleys and, arable mountain sides. Seclusaval alone was a vast plantation worth the whole price. Therefore I accepted his offer without hesitation, and proceeding some immediately, I raised a sufficient sum from the profits of my gold mine, to make the first payment, and to commence a system of improvements in my new acquisition. It was peculiarly fortunate in obtaining an agent to manage my intended improvements.

Seven years before, Major Mudge had brought from England an intelligent and judicious gardener, whose name was Baylor. This man had conducted the improvements on Mudge's estate with a union of economy and taste that pleased me exceedingly. He operated on the plan of following & assisting Nature, instead of attempting, by dint of labor and expense, to force upon the place a set of features and embellishments inconsistent with the design of Nature herself. Hence the garden, the park, and other grounds of Major Mudge's estate, were all beautiful, because every operation of art was conformable to the genius of the place.

Major Mudge, for an obvious reason, was glad to transfer Baylor to my service; and Baylor, knowing the old gentleman's pecuniary embarrassments, readily accepted my offer of employment. When he saw my valley, he was delighted with its appearance, and rejoiced in the task of assisting in its natural beauties with the touches of art. He not only understood at a glance my theory of improvement, but suggested several things that I had not thought of, but which, on hearing his observations, I heartily approved. The primary operations were to be directed to the following objects, namely: first to open a farm and build mills in the valley three miles below Seclusaval; secondly, to convert the rich low-grounds from the ravine of Seclusaval up to Glenview into a meadow—retaining, however, many of the fine trees, either singly or in clumps; thirdly, to convert the beautifully sloping sides of Glenview into a garden, retaining here, also, a number of the fine trees, shrubs and vines; and lastly, to beautify the remaining hills and dales of Seclusaval, by removing unsightly trees, and clearing the surface, so that grass could flourish in these native parks. My faithful agent went promptly to work, whilst I returned home and resumed my professional avocations.

I did not revisit my wild barony until December, when I was on my way to Georgia. Seclusaval was already assuming the appearance of a park. Whatever was unpleasant to the eye, was disappearing from the noble woods; sweet lawns, winding and branching in various ways, not only gave variety to the landscape, but opened to the eyes, as one passed through them, the most delightful views of trees, hills and mountains on every side. The plough and spade were preparing the soil for the grass of the meadow and the vines and shubbery of the garden.

Baylor now suggested a sort of improvement that I had never thought of: this was to cover the lowest grounds of Seclusaval with the waters of an artificial lake. I was pleased with the idea of a lake, but hesitated to incur the expense, until he informed me that he had taken all the levels and measurements, and had carefully estimated the cost, which was surprisingly small. He showed me first a narrow cleft in the ravine where a dam could be easily built of the loose rocks near the spot. Supposing the dam to be twenty-eight feet high, the water would be thrown back a mile and a half to the foot of Glenview. He then traced for me the exact boundaries of the lake. On the meadow side, the outline would wind beautifully with divers sinuosities. On the opposite side the water would take the bases of the hills, some with sloping, some with precipitous sides. At one place, half a mile below Glenview a little bay would run a furlong up a dale between gently swelling hills; at another place, near the lower end of the lake, a narrow glen with steep rocky sides, would conduct the lake water to a spring-head, deeply hidden in the flank of the mountain where the atmosphere was ever cool and dusky, between tall crags and densely interwoven tree tops. At the broadest part of the lake, the water would spread out to the breadth of a hundred rods; but generally the shores would be from fifteen to thirty rods asunder. The fountain that would supply the lake, being cool, clear and perennial, the lake would consequently never become stagnant; and would not only be at once beautiful and salubrious, but would moreover yield both pleasure and profit as a fish pond: thousand of trout and other fish, could live and fatten in its pellucid waters.

By the time that Baylor had shown me all these things, I became enthusiastic: "Mr Baylor (said I), I thank you for this delightful scheme of improvement. Go to work, and by the next summer, let me see the lake of Seclusaval reflect every object around it, from the green meadow banks up to the cliffs of Craggyhead." "It shall be done sir," was the prompt reply.

My income from my gold mine, and from my law-practice, was sufficient now, I thought to justify incipient measures for the erection of a permanent dwelling on Glenview. I resolved to build a stone cottage on the brow of the hill where some fine trees, of majestic stature, overtopped a dense thicket of undergrowth, embowered and fringed with a profusion of wild vines. Baylor had already commenced pruning this tangled

wilderness, which needed only the skilful hand, to convert it into a labyrinth of umbrageous walks and rustic arbors, romantic by sweet, "for whispering lovers made." My fancy was pleased at the idea, but a twinge of sadness came over me, when I reflected, that all the charms of this lovely place would be, in a great measure, wasted on the lone heart of a bachelor, who had lost his bride, and could never love again. Nevertheless, I ordered stone-cutters to be employed, and materials of all sorts to be prepared for a neat rural mansion. What better could I do? If I was lonely, I needed the more to seek pleasure and consolation, from all the sources yet open to my desolate heart.

I did not again visit Seclusaval until the next spring, when I was returning from Georgia, after the discovery of my gold mine. I found the improvements going on to my heart's content. Tenants had been settled in several rich vales, besides Seclusaval. The mills and the farm near them, were in a state of great forwardness. A passable carriage road was made from the older settlements below, to the mills, and thence through the ravine in Seclusaval. The dam and area of the lake were prepared for the waters, which began to fill their destined bed, as soon as the massive wall of the dam was closed by casting earth upon its upper side to stop, the crevices. I marked with interest the hourly growth of the lake. In three days it was full, and began to shed its superabundant waters in a pretty cascade over the dam; while the glassy expanse above reflected the budding woods on the margin, and the hoary steeps of Craggyhead. I launched a rude boat on the calm waters, and circumnavigated the sweetly indented borders of the lake. I was delighted with the scenery on every side, but most interested with the romantic wildness of the dusky glen, now filled with water between its craggy sides. When I entered its narrow with its dark still waters pent up between frowning precipices and the sombre foliage of the pine and the hemlock, that stretched their branches over the chasm. This stygian recess was the more impressive to the imagination, from the circumstance that while we let our boat lie still on the water, and held our peace, not a sound was heard; unless it were the low murmur of the foliage in the breeze, and the soft gurgling of the fountain which at the head of the glen, poured its little contribution into the lake, through loose rocks coated with moss. But no sooner did we speak, or strike the oar upon the boat, than a dozen echoes awoke and multiplied the sound, as if we had roused a troop of angry spirits to mock us from rock and tree. Hence I gave this the name of the Echoing Glen.

When we returned to the open lake, a light breeze came up through the ravine. Hoisting sail, we were soon wafted to the foot of Glenview where the garden had already begun to look beautiful, and gave promise of becoming in another year a paradise of delights.

The recent discovery of my Georgia mine, determined me to enlarge my plan of improvements. I ordered the foundation of my cottage to be laid immediately, on a large scale than I had intended, and pretty cottages to be erected for my steward and other tenants. Among the rest a shepherd's cot was to be set in a romantic place at the foot of a precipice, on the opposite side of the valley, for I designed to give little of my beautiful grounds to the plough but to make Seclusaval a pastoral scene, where flocks and herds might graze the lawns and mountain sides, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe mingle with the song of birds and the chime of waterfalls, to animate the beauties of the landscape. The natural loveliness of my valley, inspired me with ambition to make Seclusaval the most charming of all the ten thousand vales embosomed in the Appalachian mountain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### POLITICAL.

##### A STRANGE THING!

*Harrison and Democracy, vs. Van Buren and Aristocracy.* Harrison was said to be a poor man, living in a "log cabin," drinking "hard cider," smoking a "short pipe," and most usually found "threshing wheat in his barn floor."

The "log cabin" turns out to be a three story mansion of the most stately magnificence, surpassing in splendor every thing in the Western country.

The "hard cider," "short pipe," "wheat threshing," "rusty old farmer," turns out to be an inveterate old office holder, having held office, uninterruptedly for upwards of FIFTY YEARS, and received nearly TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS from the public crib, and now living upon one of the most splendid estates in America.

Mr. Van Buren was said to be a perfect English Aristocrat, eating with gold spoons out of gold dishes, riding in coaches with six horses and liveried outriders, and outwitting Eastern pomp, in the furniture of the "White House."

It turns out that the "gold spoons" are not "gold spoons," that the "gold dishes" consist of a parcel of cracked china, bought so long ago as Monroe's time, that the "English coach and outriders," consist of a very plain carriage, which some of the German farmers of Pennsylvania thought too plain for themselves, and that so far as the magnificence of the "White House" is concerned, the sum total of the value of the furniture of the reception room for foreign ministers, is stated at FIVE DOLLARS, by Gov. Lincoln of Massachusetts, the principal article in it, having been long ago refused by President Monroe's wagoner, as a gift.

Van Buren, the son of a poor and obscure farmer of Kinderhook, and raising himself to eminence by the sheer force of his talents and patriotism, is called an aristocrat. Harrison, the favored son of one of the most illustrious families of the South, and sinking into obscurity after various displays of imbecility in offices given him not from merit, but from family influence, is called a democrat.

The honest yeomanry who support Van Buren are called the aristocracy.

The city bankers, the brokers, the silk stocking gentry are called the democracy.

Truly, as Sir Walter Scott says, "The English language daily undergoes changes."—Age.

#### "BRITISH WHIGS."

"Confirmation of the fact," says the "Whig." We call our opponents British Whigs, and we have before given the reason why we call them so. We stated the other day, that Harrison was to be glorified on the 5th inst. (yesterday,) for losing at Fort Mags, three hundred brave Kentucky volunteers, without the least shadow of gain to the glory or welfare of the country, even so far as the dead bodies of our enemies would tell; for we find no mention in history that any were killed on that side, while the widows and orphans, brothers and sisters of those who were sacrificed by the man whom they confided in as capable of being their leader, can count more than three hundred Americans, who, in consequence of the weakness of Harrison, perished at the Battle of Fort Mags! No friend of humanity or of his country, can rejoice over the result of that day's business—but the British Whigs find in it much cause for joy; because it resulted in the defeat of the American arms? and a subject of rejoicing to them at that time, when they denounced the war as "an iniquitous and outrageous measure," and declared that it was "unbecoming a civil and religious community to rejoice at our victories over the British."

The Federal party at that time was British, "throughout its vast extent," and is so now, as we have proved before. That this is well known in Great Britain, and as extensively as it need be, is evident from the fact, that YESTERDAY ALL THE BRITISH VESSELS IN PORT HOISTED THEIR FLAGS IN HONOR OF THE DAY, and by way of rejoicing with their brethren here, that the battle of Fort Mags was a triumph of the British arms over the friends and defenders of the Republic!—New Era of May 9th.

From the Eastern Argus.

#### ANOTHER NATIONAL BANK.

The Baltimore American, one of the pensioned presses of Biddle's Bank, has recently taken strong ground in favor of a Protective Tariff, and another U. S. Bank.

General Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, (the man, our readers will remember, whose recalcitancy was so admirably served up last winter, on the floor of Congress, by the Hon. Albert Smith) Gen. Thompson has just come out, also, with a letter to his constituents, in which he at once gives in his adhesion to Harrison, and to the great idol of British Whiggery, a United States Bank.

The N. Y. Express, one of the most violent Harrison papers in the country, follows in the same track, and declares, that all the embarrassment which exists in the country, is owing to the "breaking up of the U. S. Bank." This is indeed got to be the general cry of Whiggery, all over the Northern and Middle States. Almost every federal speaker and every federal writer talks now of the glorious state of things which existed under a U. S. Bank; and intimates that things will never be right again until the Bank is restored once more to that lofty "pride of place," from which it was struck down by the American People, under the auspices of Jackson. Such was the intimation of John Holmes, in his recent speech in this city, and such is the intimation which the Federal organ here is constantly giving out.

The U. S. Bank, then, is once more in the field, for a mighty and convulsive struggle. Bankrupt as she is, and standing in the way as she does, of the prosperity of the whole country, she yet dares to lift her diminished head, and ask to be restored to power. With the wrecks which she has made, yet existing in every quarter, and the proof of her mismanagement made vividly clear, by the very rottenness of her present condition, her supporters are still pressing her forward for the people's confidence. What presumption can be more bold, or infatuation more excessive, than this conduct exhibits?

Are we told that there is none no National Bank in existence? True, there is none. But the decaying carcass of the old monster is yet distilling corruption amidst the People of Pennsylvania, and only needs a new grant of the Nation's money, to be reinvigorated, and fitted up for another course of debauchery and extravagance. The U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania is now in a necessitous, an insolvent condition, and suffering the just consequences of its wild speculation, its criminal imprudence, and its mad excesses. It will make a tremendous effort, at the coming Presidential election, to get its hands up on the public purse. All its old machinery will be put in active operation, and its agents everywhere instructed and prepared for a desperate struggle. Its money, such as it has, will be poured out like water—for its contention is, as it were, for its very life.

In view of these things, we call upon the Democracy of Maine not to forget their duty. If the charge of the enemy next fall is to be a vigorous one, let our friends be prepared, as of yore, to meet it manfully! If the contest is to be a hard one, let us only strive the harder to come out from it victorious! If the battle cry of Whiggery is "war to the knife!" the Republicans should echo that cry, and add, with all the boldness which an honest cause inspires, "the knife to the kill!"

The Democracy of other States are full of life and action, and give signs of bright results to be accomplished in November. On every side, we hear the notes of preparation. The West has even now begun the conflict; and right gallantly do her noble sons bear up the eagle standard of Republicanism. The South is mustering her forces, too, with a zeal worthy the crisis. Virginia has just emerged from one campaign to enter ardently upon another, and the voice of the enthusiastic Ritchie is heard, loud and clear, cheering his tried friends to a new and decisive struggle.

"We call," he says, "upon every man in the State to rouse himself. For ourselves, we swear to devote whatever energy we possess, to the great cause, and the great principles, which have constituted the boast and the glory of Virginia." In New York, the good work is going on bravely. Our friends there have taken the field with high hopes, and a confident expectation of success; and they are striking, even at this early period, many a good blow

in behalf of the right. Pennsylvania, also, is waking up to the importance of the coming struggle, and the Democracy there are settling all their differences, and preparing to meet a common enemy. The Key Stone State has hitherto stood firm and immovable in hour of peril, and will not be found wanting at the present crisis. In Massachusetts, too, our friends have every thing to contend with, they are yet exerting themselves with an alacrity and energy worthy of all praise. They did much to redeem their State from Federal thralldom, at their last election, and they exhibit a firm determination to do no less for the future. In Vermont, the Democrats have been fighting up hill for a long time with a perseverance truly noble. They found themselves, last year, nearly at the summit; and if they do not come out, next fall, conquerors from the fight, it will not be because they do not deserve a victory.

Thus cheering are the indications abroad. And once more we call upon our friends at home not to forget the contest which is ahead. Maine must not be behind her sister States, in a crisis of so much importance as the present. She has hitherto stood forth gallantly to breast the swelling tide of federalism, and has done much to roll back its threatening waves. It would sully her republican fame to be found backward now. And backward she must not be found. Our information from various sections, forbids us to doubt that, at the fall elections, she will do her whole duty. The motto upon her escutcheon is, "Dirigo"—I direct—and in obedience to that motto, she will lead the way in November, and contenta among the foremost, for the great principles of her Democratic faith.

From the Eastern Argus.

#### THE BOOK OF ELECTIONS.

A FAIR ACCOUNT.

The British Whigs are playing just now such a desperate game of brag, that it may not be amiss to look a little at the actual appearance of the political horizon, and see if there be, in truth, any signs of promise there, which ought to encourage the opposition, to anticipate a triumph over the democracy at the next election.

We have shown, in a previous article, by reference to undeniable facts, that President Van Buren has gained since 1836, far more than he has lost, and that, consequently, a comparison with the votes of that year can yield the opposition no sort of encouragement whatever. But suppose we take the elections of 1839 as a test of public opinion; how will the matter stand then?

In 1839, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas gave a majority, on the popular vote in favor of the Democracy. These 19 States threw 210 electoral votes.

The States which threw a popular majority last year, for the opposition, are Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Michigan. The electoral votes of these States constitute an aggregate of 84.

If, then, the vote of 1839 is taken as the test, Mr. Van Buren will be re-elected by a vote of 210 to 84!

And now has any thing occurred since 1839, to change the character of Mr. Van Buren's prospects? Elections have been held, this year, in four states viz: New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Virginia. In two of these, the democrats have carried a majority of popular votes, and the remaining two have been carried by the Federalists. New Hampshire has adhered to her Republican faith by an increased majority of two thousand votes. Rhode Island under her royal charter, and oppressed by all sorts of monopoly corporations, has added to the Federal strength, about 500 votes. Connecticut has gone for the allied forces of whiggism by a majority increased about a thousand votes. Virginia, so far as can be ascertained, has given a decided majority of popular votes in favor of the Administration, altho' upon the face of the returns, the whigs may have three or four majority in the Legislature.

Since 1840 came in, then we have the following result, in the electoral votes:

For Van Buren.	For Harrison.
New Hampshire 7	Rhode Island 4
Virginia 23	Connecticut 8
	30
	12
	—
	18 maj. for Van Buren.

Thus, by any reasonable calculation, the Democracy have a large and triumphant majority among the people of the U. States. Take whatever test they will, the opposition cannot avoid coming to this result; and what possible ground, therefore, can they have, for all the blustering and bravado which now mark their conduct in every quarter of the country?

We give the above, of course, only as a statement of facts, without estimating at all the probable event of the November canvass. That event we leave our readers to judge of for themselves, simply remarking that we have the fullest confidence, not only in Mr. Van Buren's re-election, but in his re-election by a vote much larger than that which he received in 1836. If the Democracy of the nation do their duty at the elections of present year, they cannot fail to reap a rich harvest of glory to the cause of free principles and equal rights.

A "WHIG" REMEDY.—"The only cure for hard times is HARD CIDER," says the New-York Chronicle, a federal paper. A National Bank has heretofore been considered the great panacea, but now it seems hard cider is to work the cure.

From the Eastern Argus.

#### "THAT'S THE VERY ARTICLE."

In order to give their Log Cabin a more imposing appearance, the feds of Baltimore caused it to be furnished with several imprints of female industry within, while it was surrounded without, by rakes, ploughs, &c. On the day of the great whig convention, a young dandy fell in with a sturdy old farmer from the country, and insisted upon his going to see this crowning qualification of the whig candidate for the Presidency; thinking to overwhelm the plain yeoman with the splendor of the miniature representative of the "glory of old tin." "See there, (said young soap locks directing the farmer's attention to the inside of the cabin)—there are the articles." "So there is (said the farmer); that is the article! there is the very wheel on which the ladies of Chillicothe spun the yarn for the granny's petticoat." The young whig absquatulated without asking the old gentleman to take a drink of hard cider!

A PASSER BY. P. S. For the truth of the above, I refer to those of the Delegation from this city, who put up at the cabin.

#### FIRE!! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

"DASH ON CIDER!!" "DASH ON CIDER!!" "Harrison appears to have enveloped the whole Union in one solid sheet of flame!"—Cor. of the Gazette of last evening.

Such is the commencement of the account of the wonderful effects of the Whig Convention at Baltimore. At an announcement so startling, every whig reservoir should have been opened, and buckets of hard cider should have been poured out as freely as was the blood of "Old Tip," at the battle of Tippecanoe! We are promised some of the particulars to-morrow; and "such a getting up stairs," as there will be set forth, we never have seen. But the game of brag adopted by the Feds is well understood. Their eighteen gain in Virginia is a fair specimen. It would not be at all surprising, if when the facts are known, what appears to be "a sheet of flame," should turn out to be nothing but the reflection from the "Old Lady's petticoat," and their moving "masses of the people," armies of Office seekers!—Eastern Argus of May 17th.

From the correspondence of the Eastern Argus.

BOSTON, MAY 9th 1840.

If money could buy the election of Gen. Harrison, he could, most assuredly be elected; for the Federalists are pouring out their wealth in this behalf, without stint or measure. The amount which they have already expended for political purposes, since his nomination, would almost pay off the defalcation of their friend Swartwout; and yet they are only in the beginning of the campaign, and the tide of their extravagance has but commenced to flood. Every day furnishes some new illustration of this fact, and shows that, before the next fall elections shall have passed away, the opposition will have squandered more money on their party designs, than they will be likely to gain, for a long time afterwards, in the regular pursuit of honest business. And still they boast of being the "Poor Man's Party," and of having an "indigent farmer" for their Presidential candidate! Men, who are daily expending thousands upon the merest nonsense and trumpery in the world, talk about a regard for economy and a love for the poor! Out upon such contemptible hypocrisy!

The Federalists of Boston are just about giving a new proof of the "dreadful state of the times;" by erecting a magnificent "Log Cabin" on Mount Vernon Street, which, you are aware, is in the most fashionable part of the city. Its expense is not to be less than Five Thousand Dollars, and will probably exceed that sum. When completed, it is to be a sort of rendezvous of the British Whigs, where they can meet to guzzle all those numerous kinds of exciting drinks, which they facetiously class under the very general denomination of "hard cider." I am not certain whether a cellar is to be dug beneath this establishment; but as the structures of the Whig Party are very apt to "fall through," I presume, from motives of safety, that the cellar will be omitted. The contents, however, of a great many well-stored cellars in the vicinity, will doubtless be freely patronized by the "hard cider" gentlemen who are to occupy this anticipated "cabin."

The principle upon which the Federalists act, in their present lavish expenditures, is simply the following. If Gen. Harrison comes in, they say they will have the old funding system in operation once more, and another U. S. Bank will rise up, to run a new career of paper-credit extravagance. Thus, the Bankers and Brokers, and Stock-jobbers expect to be able again, by the help of special privileges, to build themselves up in wealth and luxury, at the expense of the industry and toil of the great laboring classes, who earn, by the sweat of their brows, not only their own bread, but the rich dainties which pull upon the appetites of these "upper crust" men, to whom labor is unknown. What wonder, then, that the leading Whig monopolists of the Nation pour out their money like water, for the benefit of their party! They are playing for a deep stake; and they know that the money which they now expend so lavishly, will be returned to them from the pockets of the people, with compound interest, if they can once more get the power to ride rough shod, as Mr. Jefferson expressed it, over the necks of the community, in the gorgeous chariot of a "consolidated Government."

The desperate means which the whigs are now employing, should alarm every lover of his Country, and incite him to exert himself in the cause of sound principles and equal rights. "Fear the Grecians," said Laocoon, of Troy, "even when they offer gifts to their Gods."—Is the hypocrisy of the Federal Party, at the present day, less palpable or less mischievous than was that, in other times, of the smooth-tongued Greeks? When the proud and haugh-

ty Aristocracy forum and lake there no reason unusual conduct of their masked be on their gaudy pays court to a dissemble his but, his purpose worse than believe that it is

#### THE WHIGS.

OMINOUS. Philadelphia G. Whigs assembly had been rolled land to the Bal to this city. T seemed also vic sic, and a proce rolled through morning, to New sets."

But alas, na destined to reach The young Whig of Philadelphia, sight of Old Libe—when, it gave nothing but rag strum horrenda could be nauti matter" and cra Argus.

HEROISM.—V was passing do Philadelphia Co several ladies to upper loft to see after he discover were attracted looked up and sa "red petticoat" was soon told the of his building."

#### Democratic.

The Baltimore valent temper and the highest degree able results. "F at a distance (it have seen or hear feelings of the m the most cheering success of the Del al and sectional pr emulously and ma the altar of the ge destroying the on could possibly ha feeling prevailed th an anxious desire, manifested to do there being but of concession, harmi nothing for men."

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GREAT EXCITEM ing in the West, of

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